

than to his own merits.

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"Never consent to that girl's having  
Hawley! I'll dig a gulf between  
you as broad as the ocean! I'll  
undo that marriage, or die!"

"Softly! Where is Kate?"

He referred to their single servant,  
"She's out for the day," answered  
Miss Pedder, arising and planting  
herself in a chair.

"There was little to do, you know  
as I did not expect you home until

"Then no one will hear us,"  
He drew a chair nearer to that of his sister and sat down beside her.  
"What's your idea?" he asked, in a whisper.  
"My idea is to separate them; to turn their love to hate; to dig a pit beneath their feet that will remain open forever!"  
"But how?"

"Certainly; there is no mistake about that. His mother was a helpless invalid for the last ten years of her life, and Will insisted on her using for her comfort every penny he earned. It hasn't been six months since he was relieved of that burden. He's poor, therefore, as you say—poor as Job's turkey!"

"Well, yes; I suppose he will," assented Pedder. "He can get better wages at sea than elsewhere."

"In about two weeks—possibly in ten days, as the ship's filling up rapidly."

"Of course. I know of no better man for the post."

"He must be your first mate then. You have influence enough with your owners, I hope, to turn out the present incumbent?"

"Why, the post is already vacant. Mr. Jardine—you have seen him—"

"Good! That's fortunate. You must recommend Hawley for the vacant place to your owners, and get them to engage him. The thing can be done?"

"You must leave him—not dead but a prisoner—on some desert island between here and Australia!" Pedder looked his astonishment. "If it can be done," he said, after

"You must come back and report that he is dead, furnishing full details and good proofs. Those details and proofs will not be difficult to manufacture. Then you must be all kindness and sympathy to the young widow, as she will suppose herself to be, and in less than a year therefore she will be your wife?"

"*Possible?* It's as simple as kissing. And the moment you are married to Clara, I will take a trip to Australia for my health, and naturally enough, stumble upon the very island where you have left the book." "What book?"

his wife is dead; condole and sympathize with him like an angel; and conclude the whole comedy by becoming his wife and settling in Australia. You'll thus have your Clara, on this side of the ocean, and I shall be happy with Hawley on the other."

\*She was smiling now, with even

As to Pedder, he twisted nervously in his chair, scarcely venturing to breathe.

"There's just one difficulty," I muttered—"that of getting Hawke on the desert island without his suspecting anything."

"It can be done," and the lips of Miss Pedder came together like the

"Not the least. I saw the island in my mind's eye the moment you uttered the word, and a glorious one it is for our purpose."

"It will be easy for you to get Hawley upon it," suggested Mr. Pedder thoughtfully. "If it's near your route, you can call there."

water. If it's out of your way, you can be blown there by adverse winds, or be drifted there by unknown currents, or fetch up there by a mistake in your reckoning or fault in your chronometer. And once there, you can have Hawaii.